

SOLOMON

DE

MUNDI VANITATE.

P O E M A

MATTHÆI PRIOR Arm.

LATINE REDDITUM,

Per GUIL. DOBSON, Nov. Coll. Oxon. Soc.

O X O N I Æ,

E THEATRO SHELDONIANO,

MDCCXXXVI.

EGREGIO JUVENI

Godfrido Clarke

ARMIGERO.

HEU! Quæ rupit iter dira malignitas
Fati? Te quianam destituit Salus,
Te flagrante Sciendi
Ardentem, Juvenis, fiti:
Gentes & populos Juraque Gentium
Scrutantem interius, quo melius Tuam
Pulcris moribus ornes,
Firmo pectore protegas?
At quascunque novas transieris plagas,
Veloci poteras lumine cernere
Quantis sæva gravescant
Regum *Sceptra* laboribus.

Quæ

Quæ non Terra docet, quam merito ciet
Questus Musa fagax, dum *Diademata*

Intertexta feveris

Curarum stimulis canit?

Quin & Te, Juvenis, Te comites opum
Cingent implicitum Sollicitudines;

Incumbentque volenti

Curæ pro Patriâ graves.

Læto Tu studio, quod Patria expetit

Munus, fortis adi: pectori inhæreat

Libertatis, Honesti,

Virtutisque tenax Amor.

Sic Te *Wiccamicæ* Delicias Domûs,

Spem magnam Populi, longa dies beet,

Læto splendida vultu,

Multis dives honoribus!

Tui Studiofissimus

GUIL. DOBSON.

S O L O M O N

De MUNDI

V A N I T A T E.

P O T E N T I A:

LIBER TERTIUS.

A

P O T E N T I A :

LIBER TERTIUS.

ERGO age, Pars Noſtri melior, Viſ vivida, vitæ
 Fons, Anima ! hoc Ego Te, quæcunq; es, nomine
 dignor :

Conſcius Ipſe Mei per Te, Te pectore toto
 Percipio, viresque tuas & munera noſco.
 Sed latet, unde Tui ducas primordia; de Te
 Tot Vates diverſa canit, diverſa Sacerdos.

An Genus obſcurum & ſtirpis vulgare fateris
 Principium, lætæ forſan melioribus orta
 Particulis terræ, quæ ſe certo ordine miſcent
 Mirifico rerum motu fauſtoque Atomorum
 Concurſu implicitæ: hinc fato ſtatuyente juberis
 Corporis ire comes, quem Vitæ cunque colorem
 Sortitur; trepidas, audes, duciſque dolores
 Gaudiaque, incerto ut ſanguis ſe concitat æſtu:
 Utque calor magis ardeſcit, vél frigora torpent,
 Læta vigeſ viridante ævo, languente ſeneſcis:

Dum

P O W E R :

THE THIRD BOOK.

COME then, my Soul : I call Thee by that
Name,

Thou busie Thing, from whence I know I am :
For knowing that I am, I know Thou art ;
Since That must needs exist, which can impart.
But how Thou can'st be, or whence Thy Spring :
For various of Thee Priests and Poets sing.

Hear'st Thou submissive, but a lowly Birth ?
Some sep'rate Particles of finer Earth,
A plain Effect, which Nature must beget,
As Motion orders, and as Atoms meet ;
Companion of the Body's Good or Ill ;
From Force of Instinct more than Choice of Will ;
Conscious of Fear or Valor, Joy or Pain,
As the wild Courses of the Blood ordain ;
Who as Degrees of Heat and Cold prevail,
In Youth dost flourish, and with Age shalt fail ;

A 2

Till

Dum tandem, Socium extremâ vel morte secuta,
 Laberis in fumum tenuisque recedis in auras.

An spiras majora, altâque ab origine stirpem
 Deduci mavis, audisque libentius ignis
 Scintilla ætherii; divinæ Particula auræ,
 Juncta luto vili, nimis arcto fœdere juncta,
 Communi heu fato præscriptum ad temporis orbem
 Per varias comitata vices varioque dolores:
 Ut doceas Hominem opprobriis vel laude moveri;
 Ut Bona vel Mala percipere; & pallore fateri
 Irarum rabiem, aut flammâ sentire pudoris;
 Ut normam vitæ instituas, ducasque fideli
 Confilio; & rerum varius ceu postulat usus,
 Reddas cautum agilemque, & viribus ingeniove
 Nobilites, aptum paci, bellicque potentem.
 Dum priscum in cinerem se Pars terrena resolvit,
 Carceris & rumpens cedentia claustra caduci
 It Captiva, hærens paulum & cunctata jacentes
 Reliquias super, immitis jam faucibus Orci
 Inclusas; mox pennâ agili, indignata teneri,
 Evolat, ætheriamque arcem & sua vindicat astra.

Quicquid eris, quoquo tendis (neque enim omnia cæco

Scire

Till mingled with thy Partner's latest Breath
 Thou fly'ft, diffolv'd in Air, and loft in Death.

Or if Thy great Exiftence would aspire
 To Cauſes more ſublime; of Heav'nly Fire
 Wer't Thou a Spark ſtruck off? a ſep'rate Ray,
 Ordain'd to mingle with Terreſtrial Clay;
 With it condemn'd for certain Years to dwell,
 To grieve it's Frailties, and it's Pains to feel;
 To teach it Good and Ill, Diſgrace or Fame;
 Pale it with Rage, or redden it with Shame:
 To guide it's Actions with informing Care,
 In Peace to Judge, to Conquer in the War;
 Render it Agile, Witty, Valiant, Sage,
 As fits the various Courſe of human Age;
 'Till as the Earthly Part decays and falls,
 The Captive breaks Her Priſon's mould'ring Walls,
 Hovers a-while upon the ſad Remains,
 Which now the Pile, or Sepulchre contains;
 And thence with Liberty unbounded flies,
 Impatient to regain Her native Skies.

Whate'er Thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go

(Points

Scire Homini fas est) age parvula pectoris hospes,
 Pectoris infanos motus sedantis, ut alta
 Sit Tibi pax; (quoniam inde enascitur improba turba,
 Quæ vitam exagitat, quæ Te distorquet & angit)
 Fac age, quodcunque aggrederis, fac arbitra certum
 Monstret iter Ratio, & fido moderamine ducat.
 Pacati Affectus erroris nube remotâ
 Ardua, pulcra petant: Et Vitam disce ferendo,
 An curis hominum & tanto sit digna labore.

Quæ variis vitæ in gradibus variisque Animantium
 Naturis præstant, conjuncta tenere videmus
 In se Hominem: pecudum sensus, aliumque vigorem
 Plantarum, ætheriæque animæ cœlestia dona.
 Inspice quos pariunt generosa hæc semina fructus,
 Et rebus lætis oppone incommoda vitæ.
 En ut Homo, frustra fato cogente reluctans,
 Protrahitur miser in lucem; auxilii que alieni
 Indigus, in gubus maternis nudulus hæret!
 Utque levis statuit Muliercula, tollitur Infans
 Ejiciturve foras; genitrici languet iniquæ
 Neglectus, morbosve trahit de lacte foventis.
 Mollis adhuc fragilibus oculus fugit acris lucis
 Tela, diemque novum; insuetam male sustinet auram

Cor

(Points which We rather may dispute, than know)
 Come on, Thou little Inmate of this Breaſt,
 Which for Thy Sake from Paſſions I diveſt:
 For theſe, Thou ſay'ſt, raiſe all the ſtormy Strife,
 Which hinder Thy Repoſe, and trouble Life.
 Be the fair Level of Thy Actions laid,
 As Temp'rance wills, and Prudence may perſwade:
 Be Thy Affections undiſturb'd and clear,
 Guided to what may Great or Good appear;
 And try if Life be worth the Liver's Care.

Amas'd in Man there juſtly is beheld
 What thro' the whole Creation has excel'd:
 The Life and Growth of Plants, of Beaſts the Senſe,
 The Angel's Forecaſt and Intelligence:
 Say from theſe glorious Seeds what Harveſt flows:
 Recount our Bleſſings, and compare our Woes.
 In it's true Light let cleareſt Reaſon ſee
 The Man dragg'd out to Act, and forc'd to Be;
 Helpleſs and Naked on a Woman's Knees
 To be expoſ'd or rear'd as She may pleaſe;
 Feel her Neglect, or pine from her Diſeaſe.
 His tender Eye by too direct a Ray
 Wounded, and flying from unpraclis'd Day;

His

Cor tenerum, multumque tremit, pulsuque frequenti
 Æstuat. Ut variâ percussus imagine rerum
 Obstupet! ut pavet attonitus! Membra irrequieta
 Luçantem interius produnt augentque dolorem:
 Et gemitu queritur molli lacrymisque misellis,
 Dum nondum fractas voces mutilataque verba
 Effari didicit, quibus intima sensa laborans
 Exprimat, occultosque enarret pectoris æstus.
 Mox ut paulatim affurgit puerilibus annis,
 Garrulitate rudi crepitat, vanosque timores
 Concipit à nugis: cum firma adoleverit ætas,
 Publica scena vocat, populisque frequentibus infert
 Implicitum; longo curarum ibi volvitur orbe;
 Et tacitæ fraudes & aperta pericula cingunt
 Infelix latus: hinc Hostis vindicta ferocis,
 Hinc sævi magis amplexus fallacis Amici.
 Quin facta inquirat Populus; laudesque maligno
 Ore fileat; minimam gaudet diffundere labem.
 Nec cætu in turpi maculis aspergere famam
 Derisor parcit mordax, quique audet apertis
 Virtutem opprobriis petere, invisamque fateri.
 Si vero his lassus turbis secreta ferarum
 Lustra petat solus, populosque urbesque relinquit;

Mens

His Heart affaulted by invading Air,
 And beating fervent to the vital War,
 To his Young Sense how various Forms appear;
 That strike his Wonder, and excite his Fear?
 By his Distortions he reveals his Pains;
 He by his Tears, and by his Sighs complains;
 'Till Time and Use assist the Infant Wretch,
 By broken Words, and Rudiments of Speech,
 His Wants in plainer Characters to show,
 And paint more perfect Figures of his Woe,
 Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish Years
 To babling Ign'rance, and to empty Fears:
 To pass the riper Period of his Age,
 Acting his Part upon a crowded Stage;
 To lasting Toils expos'd, and endless Cares,
 To open Dangers, and to secret Snares;
 To Malice which the vengeful Foe intends,
 And the more dangerous Love of seeming Friends.
 His Deeds examin'd by the People's Will,
 Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill:
 Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd Debate,
 Who in the Scorners', or the Judge's Seat
 Dare to condemn the Virtue which They hate.
 Or would he rather leave this frantic Scene;

B

And

Mens tamen umbrarum in latebras tacitosque recessus
 Addit se comitem; innumeris Mens usque secuta
 Turbat Imaginibus: palantemque implicat Error,
 Ceu nemorum ambage illufum; aut torrentis iniqui
 More ruens, rapido premit acrius impete Cura.
 Multa animo verfans, varioque exercitus æstu,
 Dulce miser Socii alloquium defiderat; audit
 Attonitus mæstos faxa ingeminare dolores,
 Seque fugit trepido deferta per avia curfu.

Hinc adeo, variæ quocunque in tramite vitæ,
 Vexamur cæcis animorum Affectibus: atris
 Jam cincti nebulis, cur spem foveamus inanem,
 Fuluros olim meliori lumine Soles?
 Instabiles Hominum Sensus, trepidantia ut Ægri
 Somnia, profiliunt volucres; curfuque citato
 Semper amant amota fequi, fugientiaque ardent
 Arripere: usque adeo, fomni fallacis Imago,
 Spes malefuada levi vigilantes decipit umbrâ.
 Sed flexis post terga oculis, ut dira dolorum
 Agmina respicimus, trepidâ formidine Sensus
 Horrefcunt, miseramque viam remeare recufant.
 Accedunt curis curæ, scenâque priori
 Scena superveniens magis & magis atra videtur;

Nec

And Trees and Beasts prefer to Courts and Men?
 In the remotest Wood and lonely Grott
 Certain to meet that worst of Evils, Thought;
 Diff'rent Ideas to his Mem'ry brought: }
 Some intricate, as are the pathless Woods;
 Impetuous some, as the descending Floods:
 With anxious Doubts, with raging Passions torn,
 No sweet Companion near, with whom to mourn:
 He hears the Echoing Rock return his Sighs;
 And from himself the frightened Hermit flies.

Thus, thro' what Path soe'er of Life We rove,
 Rage companies our Hate, and Grief our Love:
 Vex'd with the present Moment's heavy Gloom,
 Why seek We Brightness from the Years to come?
 Disturb'd and broken like a sick Man's Sleep,
 Our troubled Thoughts to distant Prospects leap:
 Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake:
 For Hope is but the Dream of Those that wake:
 But looking back, We see the dreadful Train
 Of Woes, a-new which were We to sustain, }
 We should refuse to tread the Path again.
 Still adding Grief, still counting from the First;
 Judging the latest Evils still the worst;

Nec mora, nec requies; sed adhuc geminantur eundo,
 Et quæque hora novos usque addit & usque dolores.
 Dum tandem longo curarum pondere cani,
 Otia venantes nequicquam, effætaque membra
 Jam fracti, laceræ vitium commune senectæ
 Ploramus, miroque volubilis ordine vitæ
 Ad stadium infantile rotante revertimur ævo.
 Discimus hinc quid Vita hominum est; hefestina recentes
 Protulit ex utero nudos, nudosque sepulcro
 Craftina Lux referet; nempe hæc ad munera natos,
 Luctu animam vexare, & tædia ferre, Morique.

Quid varias memorem clades, quibus Ille laborat,
 Quas timet Hic, capiti misero jam jamque minantes?
 Quid deformem Urfam, rabidumque per arva Leonem
 Grassantem, sparsas pecudes, cæsumque magistrum:
 Obscuras nemorum ambages, fluviosque profundos,
 Pendentisque immane minaci vertice rupes?
 Quid Pestem indomitam, quæ late incedit aperto
 Marte furens, medioque die spatiata per auras
 Diffundit mortem populis: Tacitamve Sagittam,
 Obscurâ quæ nocte levi secut æthera lapsu,
 Atra venena trahens, pallentesque inficit umbras.

Sæpe

And sadly finding each progreſſive Hour
 Heighten their Number, and augment their Pow'r:
 'Till by one countleſs Sum of Woes oppreſt,
 Hoary with Cares, and Ignorant of Reſt,
 We find the vital Springs relax'd and worn:
 Compell'd our common Impotence to mourn;
 Thus, thro' the Round of Age, to Childhood We return;
 Reflecting find, that naked from the Womb
 We yeſterday came forth; that in the Tomb
 Naked again We muſt To-morrow lye,
 Born to lament, to labor, and to dye.

Paſs We the Ills, which each Man feels or dreads,
 The Weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our Heads;
 The Bear, the Lyon, Terrors of the Plain,
 The Sheepfold ſcatter'd, and the Shepherd ſlain;
 The frequent Errors of the pathleſs Wood,
 The giddy Precipice, and the dang'rous Flood:
 The noiſome Peſt'lence, that in open War
 Terrible, marches thro' the Mid-day Air,
 And ſcatters Death; the Arrow that by Night
 Cuts the dank Miſt, and fatal wings it's Flight;

The

Sæpe unà densæque nives imbresque coacti
 Se glomerant, altisque à montibus agmine facti,
 Præcipiti lætas populantur gurgite valles.
 Sæpe etiam nitidis vermes genus omne voraces
 In campis dominantur, & occupat undique plenas
 Hospes edax fruges; vanas incusat aristas
 Agricola, atque inopi marcescit languidus anno.

Quid lentos referam morbos, acresque dolores,
 Qui carpunt fragiles repetitis ictibus artus?
 Sanguineo ut cursu laceratos Calculus asper
 Excruciat renes! ut aquoso frigidus humor
 It capite, absumens cunctanti tabe vigorem,
 Et vitæ fontem paulatim exhaurit eundo!
 Quas Febris calor indomitus, quas sæva Podagra
 Exercet furias! longoque ut debilis ævo
 Obruitur Natura; atque omnibus atra Senectus
 Una malis gravior, claudo pede languida repit:
 Dum gemitum assiduum & longos finire dolores
 Mors venerata negat; lectoque abscedit acerbo
 Surda Quies, vanos misereri nescia planctus.

Nequicquam egregiæ Virgo pulcherrima formæ
 Languenti dare blanda Seni solatia quærit;

Cum

The billowing Snow, and Violence of the Show'r,
 That from the Hills disperse their dreadful Store,
 And o'er the Vales collected Ruin pour; }
 The Worm that gnaws the ripening Fruit, sad Guest,
 Canker or Locust hurtful to infect
 The Blade; while Husks elude the Tiller's Care,
 And Eminence of Want distinguishes the Year.

Pass we the slow Disease, and subtil Pain,
 Which our weak Frame is destin'd to sustain;
 The cruel Stone, with congregated War
 Tearing his bloody Way; the cold Catarrh,
 With frequent Impulse, and continu'd Strife,
 Weak'ning the wasted Seats of irksome Life;
 The Gout's fierce Rack, the burning Fever's Rage,
 The sad Experience of Decay; and Age,
 Her self the forest Ill; while Death, and Ease,
 Oft and in vain invoc'd, or to appease,
 Or end the Grief, with hasty Wings recede
 From the vex'd Patient, and the sickly Bed.

Nought shall it profit, that the charming Fair,
 Angelic, softest Work of Heav'n, draws near

To

Cum tremula incerto quatitur, jam non sua, motu
 Dextera; nec domini votis respondet, amoris
 Impar officiis, placidi neque conscia tactus.
 Nil faciet pulsata chelys, nil dulcia quondam
 Fila lyrae; nec molle melos, nec læta juvabit
 Fabula, cum celeri jam volvier agmine sanguis
 Destitit, auriculæque ingrato frigore torpent.
 Mons viridi hinc surgit clivo, Vallisque nitentem
 Ridet picta sinum, quem lucidus alluit amnis:
 Illic cæruleos fluctus canentia volvunt
 Æquora, splendidulæque micant in littore testæ:
 Sed varios frustra miscet Natura colores,
 Cum languent hebetatæ acies, oculosque natantes
 Atra premit nubes. Abeunti nocte refulget
 Alma dies: spissi descendunt largius imbres,
 Seque iterum scindunt nebulæ & diffunditur æther.
 At Vetulum extincto palantem lumine nullæ
 Jam poterunt recreare Vices; non aurea Solis
 Lampas, non Lunæ nitor, & quæ plurima cœlo
 Stellula scintillat, miserum solantur; iniqua
 Nox cingit, tristesque urgent sine fine tenebræ.

En! ubi succumbit sævæ miseranda Senectæ
 Victima! languentes oculos, dextramque trementem
 Aspice!

To the cold shaking paralytic Hand,
 Senseless of Beauty's Touch, or Love's Command,
 Nor longer apt, or able to fulfill
 The Dictates of it's feeble Master's Will.
 Nought shall the Pſaltry, and the Harp avail,
 The pleasing Song, or well repeated Tale;
 When the quick Spirits their warm March forbear;
 And numbing Coldness has unbrac'd the Ear.
 The verdant Rising of the flow'ry Hill,
 The Vale enamell'd, and the Cryſtal Rill,
 The Ocean rolling, and the ſhelly Shore,
 Beautiful Objects, ſhall delight no more;
 When the lax'd Sinews of the weaken'd Eye
 In wat'ry Damps, or dim Suffuſion lye.
 Day follows Night; the Clouds return again
 After the falling of the later Rain:
 But to the Aged-blind ſhall ne'er return
 Grateful Viciffitude: He ſtill muſt mourn
 The Sun, and Moon, and ev'ry Starry Light
 Eclipſ'd to Him, and loſt in everlaſting Night.

Behold where Age's wretched Victim lies:
 See his Head trembling, and his half-clos'd Eyes:

Aspice! ut infirmos quatit æger anhelitus artus!
 Sensibus obrepunt incerti Oblivia somni,
 Solaque percipitur per acutos Vita dolores.

Tempore prædanti cedent argentea vitæ
 Vincula, diffilientque; ruet volventibus annis
 Urna levis, longoque ævo labefacta peribit.
 Scilicet hæc fati lex est: moriemur honoris
 Expertes, & vana erimus sine nomine turba.
 Usque aliam ex aliâ stirpem manet exitus idem;
 Gens cadit hæc; nova surgit, abit, sequiturque priorem;
 Ævi quæque brevis, terræque exorta parente,
 Mox reditura iterum in veteris primordia terræ.

Sed vultu eniteat meliori Scena; coronet
 Alma salus Hominem, & lætos vigor excitet artus.
 En! vix exsuperans operosæ longa diei
 Tædia, fessus adit jam sole cadente penates:
 Sole oriente iterum prodit; labor usque recurrit,
 Arcentique famem & vitam sudore merenti
 Perpetuum redeunte die redit actus in orbem.
 Forfitan ad noctem reduci spectacula præbet
 Atra domi moriens puer, aut viduata marito

Filia:

Frequent for Breath his panting Bosom heaves:
 To broken Sleeps his remnant Sense He gives;
 And only by his Pains, awaking finds He Lives.

Loos'd by devouring Time the silver Cord
 Dissever'd lies: unhonor'd from the Board
 The Crystal Urn, when broken, is thrown by;
 And apter Utenfils their Place supply.
 These Things and Thou must share One equal Lot;
 Dye and be lost, corrupt and be forgot;
 While still another, and another Race
 Shall now supply, and now give up the Place.
 From Earth all came, to Earth must all return;
 Frail as the Cord, and brittle as the Urn.

But be the Terror of these Ills suppress'd:
 And view we Man with Health and Vigor blest.
 Home He returns with the declining Sun,
 His destin'd Task of Labour hardly done;
 Goes forth again with the ascending Ray,
 Again his Travel for his Bread to pay,
 And find the Ill sufficient to the Day.
 Haply at Night He does with Horror shun
 A widow'd Daughter, or a dying Son:

Filia: Vicinum cras luxuriante beatum
 Prole videt, nudusque sibi magis inde videtur.
 Utque dies pergunt, lacrymabile funus Amici
 Ducitur, hostilisve occurrit pompa triumphi:
 Quo se cunque ferat miser, aut Mala publica turbant
 Sollicitum, aut proprii laris Infortunia tangunt:
 Virtutis claræ meritis haud præmia solvi
 Digna videt; læsamque fidem & temerata pudici
 Jura tori queritur, pravo sub Iudice litem
 Protractam, inversasque haud æquo Interprete leges;
 Aut nigras fraudes Magnatum & turpia damnat
 Arcana imperii, arbitriumque immane Potentum;
 Mordacemve dolet linguam, quam pectore cauto
 Nec fugiat Sapiens, monitis nec frænnet amicis.

Hæccine credantur casu volvente sinistro
 Enasci Mala? num pariunt vaga Semina motu
 Confuso implicita; an potius fert ordine certo
 Lex stabilis fati, rerumque immobile sædus?
 Quin age, si poteris, nodum mihi Musa resolve;
 Anne, inquam, casu eveniunt, fatone jubenti?
 At quacunque genus ducunt de stirpe, catenis
 Heu miseram involvunt animam, variasque coactam
 In partes rapiunt, & mille timoribus urgent;

Atra,

His Neighbor's Off-Spring He To-morrow sees;
 And doubly feels his Want in their Increase:
 The next Day, and the next he must attend
 His Foe triumphant, or his buried Friend.
 In ev'ry Act and Turn of Life he feels
 Publick Calamities, or Household Ills;
 The due Reward to just Desert refus'd,
 The Trust betray'd, the Nuptial Bed abus'd,
 The Judge corrupt, the long depending Cause,
 And doubtful Issue of misconstru'd Laws.
 The crafty Turns of a dishonest State,
 And violent Will of the wrong-doing Great:
 The Venom'd Tongue injurious to his Fame,
 Which nor can Wisdom shun, nor fair Advice reclaim.

Esteem We these, my Friends, Event and Chance,
 Produc'd as Atoms form their flutt'ring Dance?
 Or higher yet their Effence may We draw
 From destin'd Order, and Eternal Law?
 Again my Muse, the cruel Doubt repeat:
 Spring they, I say, from Accident, or Fate?
 Yet such, We find, they are, as can controll
 The servile Actions of our wav'ring Soul;

Can

Atra, severa Cohors, quibus anxia Vita laborat,
Ingens ipsa Malum, & mater fœcunda Malorum.

Usque adeo vexatur adhuc, blandumque levamen
Venatu assiduo frustra mens anxia quærit;
Sperat adhuc, multi post tædia longa laboris,
Post tot sollicitos requiescere suaviter annos;
Vana voluptatis simulacra attingere posse
Exoptat; vitæque aliud dictante magistrâ,
Quod nusquam est avidè petit, & sibi somnia fingit
Lætitiæ, miseris sine fine exercita curis.

Felix, qui vallem lacrymarum umbrasque doloris
Extremas superans, tandem vestigia fixit;
Qui longi attingens cursûs spatia ultima, durum
Deposuit pondus, placidâque in morte quievit;
Quem sculpti vultus atque æra incisa fatentur
Jam vitam comitumque agmen superâsse Malorum.
Hic felix magis, & natus melioribus astris,
Qui spatium peragit brevius, premiturque minori
Pondere; quem vitam jam primùm haurire recentem
Una dies, haustamque effundere proxima cernit.
Ille autem longè ante alios felicior omnes,

Qui

Can fright, can alter, or can chain the Will;
 Their Ills all built on Life, that fundamental Ill.

O fatal Search! in which the lab'ring Mind,
 Still prefs'd with Weight of Woe, still hopes to find
 A Shadow of Delight, a Dream of Peace,
 From Years of Pain, one Moment of Release;
 Hoping at least She may Her self deceive,
 Against Experience willing to believe,
 Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the Mortal Man, who now at last
 Has thro' this doleful Vale of Mis'ry past;
 Who to his destin'd Stage has carry'd on
 The tedious Load, and laid his Burden down;
 Whom the cut Brags, or wounded Marble shows
 Victor o'er Life, and all Her Train of Woes.
 He happier yet, who privileg'd by Fate
 To shorter Labor, and a lighter Weight,
 Receiv'd but Yesterday the Gift of Breath,
 Order'd To-morrow to return to Death.
 But O! beyond Description happyest He,
 Who ne'er must roll on Life's tumultuous Sea;

Who

Qui vixdum matris penitus formatus in alvo
 Occidit ante diem; qui nunquam è carcere vitæ
 Profuit; neque prima etiam certaminis intrans
 Tædia, (præcipuo factorum munere) solis
 Nescivit lucem, & varios sub sole labores.

“Parce gravis nimium Cenfor! cur tam aspera tradis
 “Dogmata? cur adeo vitæ genus omne severis
 “Legibus includas? quid Fasces, Splendor, Opesque?
 “Nonne Opibus pax alma datur; non Purpura Reges,
 “Victoresque beat Decus immortale superbos?

Tota, inquam, signiles subit undique vita procellas,
 Sollicito jactata metu trepidoque tumultu.

“Ergone per terras nusquam Pax ridet; & omnis
 “Scena venenati patitur contagia luctus?

Nulla usquam, Pax nulla -- age, conscia Musa, dolores
 Pande nimis veros; sublimius exere vocem
 Mæsta sonaturam: sed vos procul ite, Profani,
 Dum plectro graviore canam, fociandaque magnis
 Verba loquar chordis, vulgi minus auribus apta.
 “O mentes Hominum illusas! Formidine mortis,

Affi-

Who with bleſſ'd Freedom from the gen'ral Doom
 Exempt, muſt never force the teeming Womb,
 Nor ſee the Sun, nor ſink into the Tomb. }
 Who breaths, muſt ſuffer; and who thinks, muſt mourn;
 And He alone is bleſſ'd, who ne'er was born.

“Yet in thy turn, Thou frowning Preacher, hear:
 “Are not theſe general Maxims too ſevere?
 “Say: cannot Pow'r ſecure it's Owner's Blifs;
 “And is not Wealth the potent Sire of Peace?
 “Are Victors bleſſ'd with Fame, or Kings with Eaſe?” }

I tell Thee, Life is but one common Care;
 And Man was born to ſuffer, and to fear.

“But is no Rank, no Station, no Degree
 “From this contagious Taint of Sorrow free?

None, Mortal, None: Yet in a bolder Strain
 Let Me this melancholy Truth maintain:
 But hence, Ye Worldly, and Prophane, retire:
 For I adapt my Voice, and raiſe my Lyre
 To Notions not by Vulgar Ear receiv'd:
 Ye ſtill muſt covet Life, and be deceiv'd:

D

Your

Affiduis fitietis adhuc extendere votis
 Sæcula, & optatam vitæ captabitis umbram,
 Sperantes superesse diu, famâque perenni
 Partem aliquam sævo ereptam servare sepulchro :
 Utque olim memorum gratâ sub mente nepotum
 Spiretis, cellas nitidasque parabitis ædes,
 Grandiaque ingenti condetis scripta labore.
 Spes vanæ! labor effusus! labentibus annis
 Ipsæ ædes fato vigilataque pagina cedent.
 O moniti toties! & adhuc res mira videtur,
 Prætereunte ævo vasti membra omnia mundi
 In fedes migrare alias, aliasque figuras,
 Et revoluta novis nova nomina ducere formis?

Musa modos revoca — Vanâ usque illudimur umbrâ
 Lætitiæ: assiduos fortitur Vita dolores.

Quid tandem pacis Sapientis nomen inane,
 Quid Procerum dat honos? quid purpura Judicis, alti
 Quid Regum tituli? -- En Regem sub pondere vasto
 Sudantem imperii! sævo nunc auctus honore,
 Surgit ad ingentes populi pro pace labores;
 Nunc ruit infelix malefanæ victima plebi.

Agmen

Your very Fear of Death shall make Ye try
 To catch the Shade of Immortality;
 Wifhing on Earth to linger, and to save
 Part of it's Prey from the devouring Grave;
 To those who may survive Ye, to bequeath
 Something entire, in spight of Time, and Death;
 A fancy'd Kind of Being to retrieve,
 And in a Book, or from a Building live.
 False Hope! vain Labor! let some Ages fly,
 The Dome shall moulder, and the Volume dye:
 Wretches, still taught, still will Ye think it strange
 That all the Parts of this great Fabric change;
 Quit their old Station, and Primæval Frame;
 And lose their Shape, their Effence, and their Name?

Reduce the Song: our Hopes, our Joys are vain:
 Our Lot is Sorrow; and Our Portion Pain.

What Pause from Woe, what Hopes of Comfort bring
 The Name of Wife or Great, of Judge or King?
 What is a King? A Man condemn'd to bear
 The public Burden of the Nation's Care;
 Now crown'd some angry Faction to appease;
 Now falls a Victim to the People's Ease:

Agmen adulantum primis comitatur ab annis,
 Et tenera insinuat fallax in corda venenum:
 Usque domi cingit, domino blandita potenti,
 Serva cohors, maculasque aliis aspergere prona.
 Egrediturne foras? numerofo milite cinctus
 Incedit, magnaue latus stipante caterva,
 Innumeras fraudes se formidare fatetur;
 Ipsaque follicitos testatur pompa timores.
 Sit quanquam illustris bello, sit pectore fortis,
 Arte valens; dubiis fortunæ casibus anceps
 Volvitur, ambiguo illusus certaminis æstu,
 Asperaue incertam sequitur per tædia palmam.

Sed redit insigni redimitus tempora lauro,
 Vota soluturus cœlo solennia; curru
 Sublimi sedet excelsus, vinctique sequuntur
 Pone Duces; fremitus effusaue gaudia miscent
 Turba salutantum, plausuque ad sydera tollunt.
 Quæ tamen hæ pompæ! quæ gloria! nempe tumultum
 Plebs agitat confusa, fremitque ignobile vulgus.
 It captiva Cohors, miserâ sub imagine Martem
 Ancipitem ostendens, & quæ fors castina belli
 Alea victori meditatur fata superbo.

Ipsa

From the first blooming of his ill-taught Youth,
 Nourish'd in Flattr'y, and estrang'd from Truth:
 At Home surrounded by a servile Crowd,
 Prompt to abuse, and in Detraction loud:
 Abroad begirt with Men, and Swords, and Spears;
 His very State acknowledging his Fears:
 Marching amidst a thousand Guards, He shows
 His secret Terror of a thousand Foes;
 In War however Prudent, Great, or Brave,
 To blind Events, and fickle Chance a Slave:
 Seeking to settle what for ever flies;
 Sure of the Toil, uncertain of the Prize.

But He returns with Conquest on his Brow;
 Brings up the Triumph, and absolves the Vow:
 The Captive Generals to his Carr are ty'd:
 The Joyful Citizens tumultuous Tyde
 Echoing his Glory, gratify his Pride. • • }
 What is this Triumph? Madness, Shouts, and Noise,
 One great Collection of the People's Voice.
 The Wretched he brings back, in Chains relate,
 What may To-morrow be the Victor's Fate. 1722

The

Ipsa etiam spolia & ductæ longo ordine prædæ
 Ostentant laceras Gentes, & publica damna,
 Damna olim fortasse in se ruitura, suosque.
 Nonne dolet, recolens tot mersos funere acerbo
 Heroas, magni quos pectoris ardor honestam
 Impulit in mortem; qui nuper gloria campi
 Insignes fulsere, feris nunc præda relictæ
 Alitibusque jacent? Heu splendet flebile laurus,
 Tot Matrum lacrymis, tot sanguine sparsa Virorum.

En ubi quadrijugos elatus Marte secundo
 Victor agit, densâ mirantum inhiante catervâ!
 Si tantos inter fremitus festique triumphæ
 Lætitiâ undantem, secum si pauca volutet,
 Ipsi successus auditaque Vota docebunt,
 Quam levis instabilisq; hominum, quam lubrica vita est.

Axe tonans rapido multoque in pulvere fervens,
 An curas supra evehitur? nulline timores,
 Nullane suspicio turbat, levitasque popelli
 Cognita; num stridor lituûm clangorque tubarum
 Exsuperat misero luctantes corde dolores?
 Intus Naturæ vox importuna fatigat,

Vox

The Spoils and Trophies born before Him, show
 National Loss, and Epidemic Woe,
 Various Distress, which He and His may know. }
 Does He not mourn the valiant Thousands slain;
 The Heroes, once the Glory of the Plain,
 Left in the Conflict of the Fatal Day,
 Or the Wolf's Portion, or the Vulture's Prey? .
 Does He not weep the Lawrel, which he wears,
 Wet with the Soldier's Blood, and Widow's Tears?

See, where He comes, the Darling of the War!
 See Millions crowding round the gilded Car!
 In the vast Joys of this Ecstatic Hour,
 And full Fruition of successful Pow'r,
 One Moment and one Thought might let Him scan
 The various Turns of Life, and fickle State of Man.

Are the dire Images of sad Distrust,
 And Popular Change, obscur'd a-mid the Dust,
 That rises from the Victor's rapid Wheel?
 Can the loud Clarion, or shrill Fife repel
 The inward Cries of Care? can Nature's Voice
 Plaintive be drown'd, or lessen'd in the Noise;

Tho'

Vox gravis, & nullo populi reprimenda tumultu,
 Quanquam ipsa immani clangore tonitrua vincant.

Volvere sic poterat secum: glomerata faventum
 Turba virum, nostros quæ tollit in astra triumphos;
 Si forte instabiles quatiens Victoria pennas
 Me fugiat, fragileſque hosti decernat honores;
 Illi Turba eadem similes dabit improba plausus,
 Illius ad portas denſo sese agmine fundet,
 Et nostras franget statuas inimica, recentis
 Ut domini facies renovato spiret in ære.

O cæcus furor, & dominandi infana libido!
 Ipse Ego, qui populorum hodie super ora superbus
 Evehor, hostilis pompæ pars Ipse feretro
 Cras fortasse trahar, lacerum & deforme cadaver.
 An quisquam interea mirantum ex agmine tanto,
 (Pro pudor!) ingenti jam plausu ante ora frementum,
 Defuncti laudes caneret? quisquamne lavaret
 Vulnera, vel lacrymâ saltem sequeretur inani?
 Aut si ludibrium fortunæ, inhonestaque passus
 Vincula, victoris post currus fordidus irem;
 Mene adeo indecorem, de tot modo millibus Unus
 Nosceret, aut vultu miserum spectaret amico?

Scili-

Tho' Shouts as Thunder loud afflict the Air;
 Stun the Birds now releas'd, and shake the Iv'ry Chair?

Yon' Crowd (He might reflect) yon' joyful Crowd,
 Pleas'd with my Honors, in my Praises loud,
 (Should fleeting Vict'ry to the Vanquish'd go;
 Should She depress my Arms, and raise the Foe)
 Would for that Foe with equal Ardor wait
 At the high Palace, or the crowded Gate;
 With restless Rage would pull my Statues down;
 And cast the Brafs a-new to His Renown.

O impotent Desire of Worldly Sway!
 That I, who make the Triumph of To-day,
 May of To-morrow's Pomp one Part appear,
 Ghastly with Wounds, and lifeless on the Bier!
 Then (Vileness of Mankind!) then of all These,
 Whom my dilated Eye with Labour sees,
 Would one, alas! repeat Me Good, or Great?
 Wash my pale Body, or bewail my Fate?
 Or, march'd I chain'd behind the Hostile Carr,
 The Victor's Pastime, and the Sport of War;
 Would One, would One his pitying Sorrow lend,
 Or be so poor, to own He was my Friend?

E

Avails

.Scilicet egregios præstat Sapientia fructus!
 Cernere dat tristem magis acri lumine scenam,
 Dat fieri ante alios miserum, interiusque dolorum
 Aspera percipere, atque imis haurire medullis.

Scrutemur fastos, veterum quibus alta Parentum
 Facta manent recolenda; omni quæramus ab ævo,
 Siqua unquam effulfit penitus sine nube doloris
 Gloria; si Fasces comitata est pura Voluptas.

Ille Parens hominum primus, mundique recentis
 Indigena, en variis ut cingitur undique cœli
 Muneribus! cui juncta comes pulcherrima Conjux,
 Quem dominum confessa suum, quæcunque capaci
 Orbis alit gremio; vasti sive ætheris oras,
 Seu tractus terrarum habitent, pontumve profundum.
 Sed quales fructus magna hæc promissa tulerunt?
 Heu, vitæ introitu, vix delibata relinquit
 Gaudia! jam primum Paradisi lætus in horto
 Viderat ire diem, cum sede expulsus amænâ
 Per sentes triste urget iter, perque aspera spinis
 Dumeta; hinc victum haud facilem sudore diurno
 Quærere damnatus, longorumque orbe laborum
 Tædia solis iniqua pati, dum debita somni

Dona

Avails it then, O Reason, to be wife?
 To see this cruel Scene with quicker Eyes?
 To know with more Distinction to complain,
 And have superior Sense in feeling Pain?

Let us revolve that Roll with strictest Eye,
 Where safe from Time distinguish'd Actions lye;
 And judge if Greatness be exempt from Pain,
 Or Pleasure ever may with Pow'r remain.

ADAM, great *Type*, for whom the World was made,
 The fairest Blessing to his Arms convey'd,
 A charming Wife; and Air, and Sea and Land,
 And all that move therein, to his Command
 Render'd obedient: say, my Penfive Muse,
 What did these golden Promises produce?
 Scarce tasting Life, He was of Joy bereav'd:
 One Day, I think, in PARADISE He liv'd;
 Destin'd the next His Journey to pursue,
 Where wounding Thorns, and cursed Thistles grew.
 E'er yet He earns his Bread, a-down his Brow,
 Inclind to Earth, his lab'ring Sweat must flow:
 His Limbs must ake, with daily Toils oppress'd;

Dona refecturi vires optata ferat Nox.
 Ut focium reputans scelus & memor usque peracti
 Criminis, infaustam uxorem lugubre tuetur,
 Et nimiam heu suadam, nimiosque incusat amores!
 Sæpe horret raucæ percussus imagine vocis,
 Quam reboante recens iterabat in æthere fulmen:
 Sæpe repente tremit, veluti cum fulgura prima
 Arderent cœlo, & Cherubis cum dextra minacis
 Vibraret rutilos irati Numinis ignes!
 Nec mora, quin terrâ exanimis jacet altera proles,
 Primitiæ lethi, & fraternæ victima dextræ:
 Frater sanguineâ famosus cæde, notâque
 Cælitus impressus, patriam fugit impius Erro.
 Cur tamen obruerent miserum mala tanta Parentem,
 Quærere nequaquam Superosve Hominesve deceret.

Turpior assiduè vitiis gravioribus Ætas
 Singula succedit; patrium scelus æmula pubes
 Vicit adhuc: tandem ingentes exarfit in iras
 OMNIPOTENS, atque his ora indignantia solvit:
 En formasse hominem Me pœnitet! Eripe terris
 Sol lucem! Cœli nigrescite! Vosque capaci
 Ite finu effusæ, collectis viribus, Undæ!

Audi-

E'er long-wish'd Night brings necessary Rest:
 Still viewing with Regret his Darling EVE,
 He for Her Follies, and His own must grieve:
 Bewailing still a-fresh their hapless Choice;
 His Ear oft frighted with the imag'd Voice
 Of Heav'n, when first it thunder'd; oft his View
 Aghast, as when the Infant Light'ning flew;
 And the stern CHERUB stop'd the fatal Road,
 Arm'd with the Flames of an Avenging GOD.
 His Younger Son on the polluted Ground,
 First Fruit of Death, lies Plaintiff of a Wound
 Giv'n by a Brother's Hand: His Eldest Birth
 Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a Fugitive o'er Earth.
 Yet why these Sorrows heap'd upon the Sire,
 Becomes nor Man, nor Angel to enquire.

Each Age finn'd on; and Guilt advanc'd with Time;
 The Son still added to the Father's Crime;
 'Till GOD arose, and great in Anger said:
 Lo! it repenteth Me, that Man was made.
 Withdraw thy Light, Thou Sun! be dark, Ye Skies!
 And from your deep Abyss, Ye Waters, rise!

The

Audivere Undæ Dominum: & mandata secuti
 Effrænes fluctus, nimbique immane furentes
 Subiectas rapido superârunt agmine terras.
 Tradidit interea Noë servanda fidei
 Quæ voluit superesse DEUS: naufragia mundi
 Prospexit Pater immunis, victorque tumentes
 Diluvii fremitus ferventiaque æquora sprevit.

Sed Venti posuere, & decrefcentibus undis
 Emergit Tellus; pacisque Infigne Columba
 Ore refert placido ramum felicitis Olivæ.
 At Noë, licet alma fides mærentia firmat
 Pectora, adhuc tacitæ tangunt præcordia curæ;
 Dum post terga videt mundi lugubre sepulchrum,
 Et desolatas communi funere gentes;
 Prospicit inde aliam faciem abfimilemque priori
 Surgere, vix relegens veteris vestigia formæ:
 Hic sese in longum extendunt deserta locorum
 Squallida; prærupti hic tollunt capita aspera montes.
 Vota Pater solvens, media inter sacra frequentem
 Effundit lacrymam, & tacitus meliora precatur;
 Spemque fovet; miseras etiam dum spectat aquarum
 Reliquias, omni ex numero quæis spiritus auræ
 Purior ætheriæ, de tot modo millibus, Oïto.

Et

The frighted Angels heard th' Almighty Lord; }
 And o'er the Earth from wrathful Viols pour'd }
 Tempests and Storms, obedient to his Word. }
 Mean time, His Providence to NoAH gave
 The Guard of All, that He design'd to save.
 Exempt from general Doom the Patriarch stood;
 Contemn'd the Waves, and triumph'd o'er the Flood.

The Winds fall silent; and the Waves decrease:
 The Dove brings Quiet, and the Olive Peace:
 Yet still His Heart does inward Sorrow feel,
 Which Faith alone forbids Him to reveal.
 If on the backward World his Views are cast,
 'Tis Death diffus'd, and universal Waste.
 Present (sad Prospect!) can He ought descry,
 But (what affects his melancholy Eye)
 The Beauties of the Antient Fabric lost,
 In Chains of craggy Hill, or Lengths of dreary Coast?
 While to high Heav'n his pious Breathings turn'd,
 Weeping He hop'd, and Sacrificing mourn'd;
 When of GOD's Image only Eight He found
 Snatch'd from the Wat'ry Grave, and sav'd from Nations
 drown'd;

And

Et tribus è Natis, qui jam spes sola relictæ
 Unde ortum Regna expectarent, prospicit unum
 Fatali fixum opprobrio, nudumque favore
 Divino, æternâque onerantem labe nepotes.

[Amicus,

Rex quanquam illustris, quanquam OMNIPOTENTIS
 At varios vitæ casus, multosque labores
Abramus subiit; duri discrimina belli
 Pertulit, & cæsis quæsitivæ regna tyrannis :
 Difficili sponsæ subjecit colla; jugoque
 Assuetus, sensit servæ quoque jura superbæ.
 Jam miseram invitæ mæstâ cum prole parentem
 Ejicit, ah! nudam, nemorumque per avia solas
 Quæsituram umbras, & agrestis munera victus :
 Jamque aliud thalami dilectum pignus, & omnem
 Spem senii, ad Moriæ fatalia culmina ducit
 Infelix! puerum heu ferro jugulare cruento
 Cogitur, aut magni contemnere jussa TONANTIS.

Ipsam oculis spectare DEUM data copia *Mosi*:
 Sed qualem vidit? densâ circum undique flammâ,
 Undique inaccessio velatum lucis amictu.
 Lumina sin radios potuissent ferre coruscis;
 Quam brevis hæc, unâ vix nocte morata, Voluptas!

Ille

And of three Sons, the future Hopes of Earth,
 The Seed, whence Empires must receive their Birth,
 One He foresees excluded Heav'nly Grace,
 And mark'd with Curses, fatal to his Race.

ABRAHAM, Potent Prince, the Friend of GOD,
 Of Human Ills must bear the destin'd Load;
 By Blood and Battels must his Pow'r maintain,
 And slay the Monarchs, e'er He rules the Plain;
 Must deal just Portions of a servile Life
 To a proud Handmaid, and a peevish Wife;
 Must with the Mother leave the weeping Son,
 In Want to wander, and in Wilds to groan;
 Must take his other Child, his Age's Hope,
 To trembling MORIAH's melancholy Top,
 Order'd to drench his Knife in filial Blood;
 Destroy his Heir, or disobey his GOD.

MOSES beheld that GOD; but how beheld?
 The Deity in radiant Beams conceal'd,
 And clouded in a deep Abyss of Light;
 While present, too severe for Human Sight,
 Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd Night.

F

The

Ille autem, tanto quanquam dignatus honore,
 Quot volvit casus, quæ pertulit aspera rerum
 A cunis usque ad tumulum! Jam tum invida nudum
 Pauperies puerum primis invasit ab annis:
 Oppressere senem insidiæ, atque adversa malorum
 Agmina; surrexitque cohors studiosa labores
 Frustrari egregios: quin aspera Turba furore
 Sic Vatem incendit, tabulas ut frangeret amens,
 Quas ipsa æterni signârat Dextra JEHOVÆ.
 Effrænesque Viros cum jam per mille labores
 Duxerat, armorumque vices, perque externa regna;
 Promissa en! tandem fato divisus acerbo
 Littora, jam moriens, heu non sua littora, vidit.

Davidis in vitâ, ut curis longo ordine curæ
 Succedunt! quot iniqua pericula, quotque tumultus!
 Mollis adhuc, tenerâque virens ætate, leoni
 Concurrit rabido, & torvæ ruit obvius ursæ.
 Nondum annis maturum immanis dextra *Goliæ*
 Aggreditur, tacitique petunt tela invida *Sauli*:
Saulo urgente, fugit super avia lustra ferarum,
 Arduaque ascendit montis juga, seque sub antro
 Occulit, & mortis nequicquam munera poscit.
 Tandem Ipse ad regni surgens fastigia, magnum

Exstitit

The following Days, and Months, and Years decreed
 To fierce Encounter, and to toilsome Deed.
 His Youth with Wants and Hardships must engage:
 Plots and Rebellions must disturb his Age.
 Some CORAH still arose, some Rebel Slave,
 Prompter to sink the State, than He to save:
 And ISRAEL did his Rage so far provoke,
 That what the God-head wrote, the Prophet broke.
 His Voice scarce heard, his Dictates scarce believ'd,
 In Camps, in Arms, in Pilgrimage, He liv'd;
 And dy'd obedient to severest Law,
 Forbid to tread the promis'd Land, He saw.

My Father's Life was one long Line of Care,
 A Scene of Danger, and a State of War.
 Alarm'd, expos'd, his Childhood must engage
 The Bear's rough Gripe, and foaming Lion's Rage.
 By various Turns his threaten'd Youth must fear
 GOLIAH's lifted Sword, and SAUL's emitted Spear.
 Forlorn He must, and persecuted fly;
 Climb the steep Mountain, in the Cavern lye;
 And often ask, and be refus'd to dyc. }
 For ever, from His manly Toils, are known

Exstitit exemplum, quàm sævo pondere fudet
 Majestas, quantosq̃ue ferat Diadema labores.
 O qui torquebant ardentia corda dolores,
 Cum gravis hostiles aperiret Numinis iras
 Nuntius! Ut diversa animum exagitabat Imago;
 Triste Viri funus, violatæ injuria Sponsæ,
 Et Puer heu patrium ob crimen nece raptus iniquâ!
 Ut secum horrenda ingemuit, cum regia cladem
 Intulit impietas populis, jussitque Propheta
 Eligere, an pestem cœlo deducere mallet,
 An tolerare famem, aut sævi discrimina Martis!

Occubuit tandem Genitor: precor, ossa quiescant;
 Nulla sacrum sædâ violare ærugine nomen
 Lingua aufit: quanquam ô, luctantem pectore in ægro,
 Hunc saltem liceat verbis vulgare dolorem:
 Me moriens curis auxit, scelerisque paterni
 Hæredem instituit; jussis me vinxit iniquis
 Devotum mactare caput, cæsoque meorum
 Principe, decreto nova tingere sceptrâ cruore.

Nec mora; continuo juvenili sanguine fervens
 Dira sequor præceps crudelis jussâ Parentis.
 Virtutes patrias celeri vix lumine lustro;

In

The Weight of Pow'r, and Anguish of a Crown.
 What Tongue can speak the restless Monarch's Woes;
 When GOD, and NATHAN were declar'd his Foes?
 When ev'ry Object his Offence revil'd,
 The Husband murder'd, and the Wife defil'd,
 The Parent's Sins impress'd upon the dying Child? }
 What Heart can think the Grief which He sustain'd;
 When the King's Crime brought Vengeance on the Land;
 And the inexorable Prophet's Voice
 Gave Famine, Plague, or War; and bid Him fix his Choice?

He dy'd; and Oh! may no Reflection shed
 It's pois'nous Venom on the Royal Dead:
 Yet the unwilling Truth must be express'd,
 Which long has labor'd in this pensive Breast:
 Dying He added to my Weight of Care:
 He made Me to his Crimes undoubted Heir:
 Left his unfinish'd Murder to his Son,
 And JOAB'S Blood intail'd on JUDAH'S Crown.

Young as I was, I hasted to fulfill
 The cruel Dictates of my Parent's Will.
 Of his fair Deeds a distant View I took;

But

In vitiis intento oculo juvat usque morari:
 Nec memini, primis ut vitæ prodigus annis
 Protegeret patriam! ut leges venerandaque jura
 Servaret constans! Lætâ sed mente revolve
 Nequitiiis fractum affiduis, turpique solutum
 Pellicis amplexu: fugienda exempla secutus
 Abripior, scelerumque feror declivia præceps
 Per loca, perque atro rorantes sanguine calles.
 Fraudibus assuetus, tranquillo fallere vultu
 Jam potui, mortisque atrocia tela serenus
 Dirigere; hinc oculo fratrem speculatus iniquo,
 Omnia facta viri vestigiaque omnia scrutor,
 (Ambitione odii stimulos acunte) fugamque
 Quærentem frustra tangentemque insequor aras.
 Hic, etiam hic, ipsas (fateor) cecidisset ad aras,
 Ni Timor obstiterat, tumidamque represserat iram.
 Quin do sponte fidem, certus violare; benignè
 Polliceor veniam, atque odiis simul acribus uror.
 Nil lacrymæ gemitusque valent, nil vota precēsque;
 Sævus adhuc, tacitumque premiens sub corde furorem,
 Blanda malus loquor, & fictâ pace ora sereno:
 Dum tandem prædæ, vi, fraude, potitus, ad aras
 Accedo, testorque DEI venerabile numen,
 Sæva palam intentans deluso funera fratri.

Quæ

But turn'd the Tube upon his Faults to look;
 Forgot his Youth, spent in his Country's Cause,
 His Care of Right, his Rev'rence to the Laws:
 But could with Joy his Years of Folly trace,
 Broken and old in BATHSHEBA'S Embrace;
 Could follow Him, where-e'er He stray'd from Good,
 And cite his sad Example; whilst I trod
 Paths open to Deceit; and track'd with Blood. }
 Soon docile to the secret Arts of Ill,
 With Smiles I could betray, with Temper kill:
 Soon in a Brother could a Rival view;
 Watch all his Acts, and all his Ways pursue.
 In vain for Life He to the Altar fled:
 Ambition and Revenge have certain Speed.
 Ev'n there, My Soul, ev'n there He should have fell;
 But that my Interest did my Rage conceal.
 Doubling my Crime, I promise, and deceive;
 Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
 Treaties, Perswasions, Sighs, and Tears are vain:
 With a mean Lie curs'd Vengeance I sustain;
 Joyn Fraud to Force, and Policy to Pow'r;
 'Till of the destin'd Fugitive secure,
 In solemn State to Parricide I rise;
 And, as GOD lives, this Day my Brother dies.

Be

Quæ tamen hinc lacrymæ, quantus dolor! Ut libet
atrum

Delere ex animo scelus! Ut prætexere vellem
Nominibus falsis fraternæ opprobria cædis,
Alteriusque onerare immani crimine famam!
Nequicquam heu! gladium si dextra aliena cruentum
Egerit, imperium Regis dextra illa secuta est:
Omne meum est; facinus, quod lacryma multa perenni
Usque fluens cursu vix tandem abstergere possit:
Hinc solùm, hinc solitam sperat mens conscia pacem,
Fletibus assiduus, longoque exercita luctu.

Corde adeo trepidante, parum facunda, neque artem
Ostentans, nostrum veraci carmine Musa
Opprobrium explicuit, fidâque ingrata tabellâ
Describens actæ ætatis vestigia, pandit
Quàm spes vana hominum, quàm vanæ pectora curæ
Exagitant; primoque à vitæ carcere feram
Ad metam, quàm nigrum iter est, quàmq; undiq; acerbum!
Nugarum immensâ hac ferie jam pene peractâ,
Tædia longa querens vitæ, mihi mortis in umbrâ
Polliceor requiem optatam blandosque recessus:
Huc metus haud penetrant terrorque; nec atra doloris

Tan-

Be Witness to my Tears, Celestial Muse!
 In vain I would forget, in vain excuse
 Fraternal Blood by my Direction spilt;
 In vain on JOAB'S Head transfer the Guilt:
 The Deed was acted by the Subject's Hand;
 The Sword was pointed by the King's Command.
 Mine was the Murder: it was Mine alone;
 Years of Contrition must the Crime atone:
 Nor can my guilty Soul expect Relief,
 But from a long Sincerity of Grief.

With an imperfect Hand, and trembling Heart,
 Her Love of Truth superior to her Art,
 Already the reflecting Muse has trac'd
 The mournful Figures of my Action past:
 The penfive Goddess has already taught,
 How vain is Hope, and how vexatious Thought;
 From growing Childhood to declining Age,
 How tedious ev'ry Step, how gloomy ev'ry Stage.
 This Course of Vanity almost compleat,
 Tir'd in the Field of Life, I hope Retreat
 In the still Shades of Death: for Dread and Pain,
 And Grief will find their Shafts elanc'd in vain,

G

And

Tangunt tela Virum placidâ jam pace sepulchri
Compositum, & mortis recubantem mollius ulnis.

Cur trepidas, Ratio? quidnam est Mors ista? nihilne
Præter torpentem concreti sanguinis æstum,
Interclusa animæ spiracula, membra vigore
Orbata, & posita angustæ spatia ultima vitæ?
Fumus ut accenso glomerari visus ab igne
Se sursum rapit, & tenues vanescit in auras;
Ut celerem per inane fugam volitantia carpunt
Nubila, præcipitique abeunt disperdita vento:
Sic Hominum subito pede lubrica labitur ætas;
Vitæ sic vapor emicat, in vacuumque recedit
Aera; sic spatiis instans propioribus ortum
Occasus juxta insequitur, cunæque sepulchrum.

Quæ Timidi horrorem, quæ vota medetur Avari,
Mors finem adducit, quem non procul abfore cuncti
Novimus: hinc animo fatalia tempora forti
Prospiciens, lethum contemne, nec inscia flecti
Naturæ jura incuses; quin munera vitæ,
Non aliâ data lege, hilaris lætusque reponas.

His Sapiens dictis, secum diversa volutans,

Respon-

And their Points broke, retorted from the Head,
Safe in the Grave, and free among the Dead.

Yet tell Me, frightened Reason! what is Death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted Breath?
The utmost Limit of a narrow Span,
And End of Motion which with Life began?
As Smoke that rises from the kindling Fires
Is seen this Moment, and the next expires:
As empty Clouds by rising Winds are tost,
Their fleeting Forms scarce sooner found than lost:
So vanishes our State: so pass our Days:
So Life but opens now, and now decays:
The Cradle and the Tomb, alas! so nigh;
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to dye.

Cure of the Miser's Wish, and Coward's Fear,
Death only shews Us, what We knew was near,
With Courage therefore view the pointed Hour;
Dread not Death's Anger; but expect his Pow'r;
Nor Nature's Law with fruitless Sorrow mourn;
But dye, O Mortal Man! for Thou wast born.

Cautious thro' Doubt; by Want of Courage, Wife,

Respondet tandem, dubius metuensque futuri:
 Si mecum evolvam spatium omne, quod usque peregit
 Lapforum sine fine volubilis ordo dierum,
 Ex quo profuit de carcere Tempus, ad horam
 Quâ primùm incepti matris condescere in alvo,
 Aut Nil prorsus eram, aut memet saltem ipse latebam.
 Rursusne in Nihilum fatorum lege revertar,
 Hâc artus fugiente Animâ: penitusne jacebo
 Perditus, angustâque æternùm condar in urnâ?
 Particulæ, hoc corpus quæ composuere, caducos
 Illapsæ in cineres, nunquamne in prisca coibunt
 Pædera: sed rerum confusâ mole solutæ,
 Incipient membra in diversa aliasque figuras
 Ire, nec agnoscent veteris vestigia formæ?
 An Vox illa, Homini vitæ quæ infundere sensum
 Dignata est, prohibet redivivo accendier igne?
 Nulla semel labentem Animam, Vis nulla catenis
 Eripiet tenebrarum, & carcere noctis opaco?

Oceani in fluctus, quoties redit Hesperus, igne
 Præcipiti pronum video descendere Solem;
 Nec longum, & radiis idem similique vigore

Urget

To such Advice the Reas'ner still replies.
 Yet measuring all the long continu'd Space,
 Ev'ry successive Day's repeated Race,
 Since Time first started from his pristin Goal,
 'Till He had reach'd that Hour, wherein my Soul
 Joyn'd to my Body swell'd the Womb; I was,
 (At least I think so) Nothing: must I pass
 Again to Nothing, when this vital Breath
 Ceasing, consigns Me o'er to Rest, and Death?
 Must the whole Man, amazing Thought! return
 To the cold Marble, or contracted Urn?
 And never shall those Particles agree,
 That were in Life this Individual He?
 But sever'd, must They join the general Mass,
 Thro' other Forms, and Shapes ordain'd to pass;
 Nor Thought nor Image kept of what He was? }
 Does the great Word that gave him Sense, ordain,
 That Life shall never wake that Sense again?
 And will no Pow'r his sinking Spirits save [Grave?
 From the dark Caves of Death, and Chambers of the

Each Evening I behold the setting Sun
 With down-ward Speed into the Ocean run:
 Yet the same Light (pass but some fleeting Hours)

Exerts

Urget iter solitum, rutilique Insigne diei
 Purpureum referens, illæso ardore refulget.
 Instabiles video ventos sine lege vagari,
 Incertamque agitare fugam; nunc flamine molli
 Leniter aspirant, rapido nunc turbine fervent,
 Perpetuumque tenent, vario licet impete, cursum.
 Fontibus occultis sese erumpentia primùm
 Flumina, mox prona immensum glomerantur in æquor:
 Hæc fugiens abit unda, supervenit altera, & amnes
 Fluctibus assiduis lapsuque feruntur eodem:
 Usque novæ funduntur opes, venâque perenni
 Copia inexhaustis sæcunda evolvitur urnis.
 Ergo Hominem premet æternùm lex aspera, cui Sol,
 Cui Fluvii, Ventique leves parere recusant?

Ut Flos mane novo decus explicat omne, diei
 Deliciæ fragiles; & primo vespere marcet;
 Nos itidem--- Eois ut concitus Euris ab oris
 Æquora summa fugâ verrit, tacitoque recumbit
 Littore; ut in stipulis volitans crepitantibus ignis;
 Ut saxum in præceps declivi à monte volutum
 Se rapit; ut sudum jaculata per æthera flamma;

Sic,

Exerts his Vigor, and renews his Pow'rs;
 Starts the bright Race again: His constant Flame
 Rises and sets, returning still the Same:
 I mark the various Fury of the Winds:
 These neither Seasons guide, nor Order binds:
 They now dilate, and now contract their Force:
 Various their Speed, but endless is their Course.
 From the first Fountain and beginning Ouzé,
 Down to the Sea each Brook, and Torrent flows:
 Tho' fundry Drops or leave, or swell the Stream;
 The Whole still runs, with equal Pace, the Same:
 Still other Waves supply the rising Urns;
 And the eternal Floud no Want of Water mourns.
 Why then must Man obey the sad Decree,
 Which subjects neither Sun, nor Wind, nor Sea?

A Flow'r, that does with opening Morn arise,
 And flourishing the Day, at Evening dyes;
 A Winged Eastern Blast, just skimming o'er
 The Ocean's Brow, and sinking on the Shore;
 A Fire, whose Flames thro' crackling Stubble fly;
 A Meteor shooting from the Summer Sky;
 A Bowl a-down the bending Mountain roll'd;
 A Bubble breaking, and a Fable told;

A

Sic, sic Vita fugit: quin bullula rupta brevifque
 Fabula, & umbra levis ventofaque fomnia velox
 Ætatis referunt iter— Hei mihi, ficcine Vita
 Tranfit, & æternum Mors feſe extendet in ævum?

Se certè anguftis nimium hæc Sententia claudit
 Finibus: aut unde humanæ eft illa infita menti
 Spes, unde ille Timor, forſne altera & altera fedes
 Præmiaque & pænæ, luctufque & gaudia reſtent?
 Reliquiæne Hominis redivivæ vincula fomni
 Excutiant? letho pateat nova Janua vitæ?
 Cum Sponſi lacrymoſa oculos compreſſerit Uxor,
 Fæmineo funus gemitu planctuque ſecuta;
 Num dormit, paulum affueto fugiente vigore,
 At letho haud penitus deviſtum, exſanguè Cadaver:
 Dumque artus, vitæ jam ſunctos munere, carpet
 Ignis edax, vermesve, aut tempora lenta; vigebit
 Uſque eadem vivax Anima, & data gaudia læto
 Guſtabit ſenſu, horreſcetque affecta dolore?
 Illane, ſi pulchrè ſe geſſerit, inſcia labis,
 Dum ſocium amplecti dignata eſt corpus amico
 Fædere, fulgentem ad patriam fedesque beatas,
 Regnaque perpetuâ ſurget ridentia pace?
 Noſq; Hominem extinctum lacrymis dum flemus ineptis,
 Cæli-

A Noon-tide Shadow, and a Mid-night Dream
 Are Emblems, which with Semblance apt proclaim
 Our Earthly Course: But, O my Soul! so fast
 Must Life run off; and Death for ever last?

This dark Opinion, sure, is too confin'd;
 Else whence this Hope, and Terror of the Mind!
 Does Something still; and Somewhere yet remain,
 Reward or Punishment, Delight or Pain?
 Say: shall our Relicks second Birth receive?
 Sleep We to wake, and only dye to live?
 When the sad Wife has clos'd her Husband's Eyes,
 And pierc'd the Echoing Vault with doleful Cries;
 Lyes the pale Corps nor yet entirely Dead,
 The Spirit only from the Body fled,
 The grosser Part of Heat and Motion void,
 To be by Fire, or Worm, or Time destroy'd;
 The Soul, immortal Substance, to remain,
 Conscious of Joy, and capable of Pain?
 And if Her Acts have been directed well,
 While with her friendly Clay She deign'd to dwell;
 Shall She with Safety reach her pristine Seat,
 Find her Rest endless, and her Bliss compleat:
 And while the buried Man We idly mourn;

H

Do

Cælicolæ læti excipiunt, plauduntque reverſo?
 Sin ſefe ſclerum maculis & crimine multo
 Polluerit, ſuperiſne tremens depellitur oris
 Perpetuam in noctem, loca tetra; ibi cogitur ævum
 Immortale pati, æternos ſentire dolores?

Nos adeo, anguſto trepidantes limite terræ,
 Fluſtibus oppoſitis geminum circumfluit æquor:
 Fleſtimus hinc atque inde oculos; dolor opprimit inde,
 Imminet hinc timor: & vario dum volvimur æſtu
 Præcipites, flemuſque peracta, futura timemus,
 Præſens ſollicito diſperditur hora tumultu.

Pectore ſic varias inter fluitante procellas,
 Dum Spes ægra cadit, Ratioque incerta vacillat;
 En (iterum dixi) quid Viſ illa impigra, quæram,
 Quid trepidans agiliſque, Animam quem dicimus, Ignis?
 Quo more exercet ſefe? quæis clauditur oris?
 Noſne illam imperio premimus, frænifque tenemus?
 Unde ideo hæc noſtram rumpunt Incommoda pacem?
 Uſque ſequi pacem contendimus, uſque dolorem
 Aufugere: utrinque heu! ſtudio exercemur inani:

Dum;

Do Angels joy to see His better Half return?
 But if She has deform'd this Earthly Life
 With murd'rous Rapine, and seditious Strife;
 Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those Angels driv'n
 From the Ætherial Seat, and blissful Heav'n,
 In everlasting Darknes must She lye,
 Still more unhappy, that She cannot dye?

Amid Two Seas on One small Point of Land
 Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd We stand:
 On either Side our Thoughts incessant turn:
 Forward We dread; and looking back We mourn.
 Lofing the Present in this dubious Haft;
 And lost Our selves betwixt the Future, and the Past.

These cruel Doubts contending in my Breast,
 My Reason stagg'ring, and my Hopes oppress'd,
 Once more I said: once more I will enquire,
 What is this little, agile, pervious Fire,
 This flutt'ring Motion, which We call the Mind?
 How does She act? and where is She confin'd?
 Have We the Pow'r to guide Her, as We please?
 Whence then those Evils, that obstruct our Ease?
 We Happiness pursue; We fly from Pain;
 Yet the Pursuit, and yet the Flight is vain: And,

Dumque diem Natura velit traducere molles
 Inter delicias, & noctem fallere somno;
 Fortior interea opponens mala certa Potestas
 Arbitrium eludit fragile, arrectamque premit spem;
 Omniaque ostendit, nobis licet usque videntur
 Libera, præscriptâ factorum lege teneri.

Illa igitur menti humanæ dominata Potestas,
 Num gemitus audit miseros, precibusque movetur?
 Num votis venerata piis & thuris honore,
 Avertet curas, decretaque jura resolvet?
 Fortior addat opem Pietas Ratione labanti,
 Thureaque invalidas compensent munera vires:
 Et doceant taciti veneranda silentia templi,
 Garrula quod nequeunt Sapientum rostra, dolores
 Quo pacto licet aut fugere, aut superare ferendo.

Quid nostra in melius poterit convertere fata?
 Ut palans tenebris fortisque incerta futuræ
 Anxia mens trepidat, Nihil inter & Infinitum
 Dum pendens diversa fluit, densâque laborat
 Ambage implicita, & dubiis conceptibus impar!
 Solum Hoc scire datur, luctus subsidere, spemque
 Surgere, quo faveat magis Indulgentia Cœli.

Hæc

And, while poor Nature labors to be blest,
 By Day with Pleasure, and by Night with Rest;
 Some stronger Pow'r eludes our fickle Will;
 Dashes our rising Hopes with certain Ill;
 And makes Us with reflective Trouble see,
 That all is destin'd, which We fancy free.

That Pow'r superior then, which rules our Mind,
 Is His Decree by Human Pray'r inclin'd?
 Will He for Sacrifice our Sorrows ease?
 And can our Tears reverse His firm Decrees?
 Then let Religion aid, where Reason fails:
 Throw Loads of Incense in to turn the Scales;
 And let the silent Sanctuary show,
 What from the babling Schools We may not know,
 How Man may shun, or bear his destin'd Part of Woe.

What shall amend, or what absolve our Fate?
 Anxious We hover in a mediate State,
 Betwixt Infinity and Nothing; Bounds,
 Or boundless Terms, whose doubtful Sense confounds
 Unequal Thought; whilst All We apprehend,
 Is, that our Hopes must rise, our Sorrows end;
 As our Creator deigns to be our Friend.

Hæc ubi fatus eram, solennia ferre jubebam
 Dona Sacerdotem, & sacris se accingere votis.
 Jamque ascendebant centum ad delubra Juvenci,
 Lecti omnes, roseis evincti tempora fertis:
 Rite chorum Juvenes ineunt, arguta periti
 Tangere fila lyræ, calamosque inflare canoros:
 Pone Puellarum nitidus subit ordo, feritque
 Tympana, & exercet choreas: quas deinde secuti
 Excipiunt orti venerandâ stirpe *Levitæ*,
 Carminaque alterno recitant solennia cantu:
 Per templi spatia ampla incessu pompa verendo
 Ingreditur: claudit sacrum Rex anxius agmen.

Finierant cæleste melos; cum debita solvens
 Vota, & poplitibus venerans altaria flexis,
 Sic Ego: Magne Pater, qui terram & sydera torques;
 Quo mandante ingens tenebris sese extulit Orbis;
 Cujus diffusas vires curamque paternam,
 Omnia quæ spirant, quæ sunt ubicunque locorum,
 Quotidie agnoscunt; subitam sensura ruinam,
 Te vires revocante tuas! Rex maxime Regum,
 Omnia qui nôsti, quique omnia numine completes,
 Te supplex precor: ô magni miserere doloris!

Qui

I said; --- and instant bad the Priests prepare
 The ritual Sacrifice, and solemn Pray'r.
 Select from vulgar Herds, with Garlands gay,
 A hundred Bulls ascend the Sacred Way.
 The artful Youth proceed to form the Choir;
 They breath the Flute, or strike the vocal Wire.
 The Maids in comely Order next advance;
 They beat the Tymbrel, and instruct the Dance.
 Follows the chosen Tribe from LEVI sprung,
 Chanting by just Return the holy Song;
 Along the Choir in Solemn State they pass:
 ----- The Anxious King came last.

The Sacred Hymn perform'd, my promis'd Vow
 I paid; and bowing at the Altar low,
 Father of Heav'n! I said, and Judge of Earth!
 Whose Word call'd out this Universe to Birth;
 By whose kind Pow'r and influencing Care
 The various Creatures move, and live, and are;
 But, ceasing once that Care, withdrawn that Pow'r,
 They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
 Omni-scient Master, Omni-present King,
 To Thee, to Thee, my last Distress I bring.

Thou,

Qui potes infanos pelagi sedare tumultus,
 Luctantesque notos frænis nimboſque feroces
 Comprimere: ô animam hanc laceram defende procellis,
 Quas miſcent rapidi Affectus & iniqua Libido:
 Nec gravis obruat Ira, altiſve Superbia ſaxis
 Illidat. Veſtrum ſed opus vaga Cymbula veſtri
 Sentiat auxilii munus: vitæque per æſtus
 Incertos, variasque vices, cæleſtia curſum
 Ducant auſpicia, & tuto me in littore ſiſtant.

Si, levis hos fragiles animet dum ſpiritus artus,
 Pertæſos vitæ, mortisſque horrore trementes;
 Si forte annueris, faltem ut breuiuſcula pacis
 Attingam dona, & luctu ceſſante quieſcam;
 Nunc ô, Magne Pater, jam nunc deterge doloris
 Ingratam hanc nubem, quâ mens onerata laborat;
 O blandum diffunde jubar, tenebrisſque fugatis
 Pande oculis meliora; hinc Te modulamine multo,
 Te citharâ celebrabo; hinc lingua animata recenti
 Lætitiâ, effuſo referet tua munera cantu.
 Sin placet, his curis functo, ut nova vita ſuperſit,
 Expectentque aliæ ſedes, da firma dolori
 Pectora ut opponam, ſuperemque adverſa ferendo.

Arca-

Thou, that can'st Still the Raging of the Seas,
 Chain up the Winds, and bid the Tempests cease;
 Redeem my ship-wreck'd Soul from raging Gusts
 Of cruel Passions, and deceitful Lusts;
 From Storms of Rage, and dang'rous Rocks of Pride:
 Let Thy strong Hand this little Vessel guide
 (It was Thy Hand that made it) thro' the Tide
 Impetuous of this Life: let Thy Command
 Direct my Course, and bring me safe to Land.

If, while this weary'd Flesh draws fleeting Breath,
 Not satisfy'd with Life, afraid of Death,
 It hap'ly be Thy Will, that I should know
 Glimpse of Delight, or Pause from anxious Woe;
 From *Now*, from instant *Now*, great Sire, dispell
 The Clouds that press my Soul; from *Now* reveal
 A gracious Beam of Light; from *Now* inspire
 My Tongue to sing, my Hand to touch the Lyre:
 My open'd Thought to joyous Prospects raise;
 And, for Thy Mercy, let me sing Thy Praise.
 Or, if Thy Will ordains, I still shall wait
 Some New *Here-after*, and a future State;
 Permit me Strength, my Weight of Woe to bear;
 And raise my Mind superior to my Care.

I

Let

Arcanasque vias quanquam explorare negabis
 Interius, penitusque aditus invifere sacros;
 Da tamen, ut fervens pietate, humilique dolores
 Spe minuens, fupplex venerabile numen adorem:
 Imperio cedam Omnipotenti, & laudibus æquis
 Juftitiæ meritos folvam tibi gratus honores.

Vix ea finieram: cœlo nox ingruit atra;
 Intonat; ingenti nutant delubra fragore;
 Alta quies fubit, & tacitæ caliginis horror
 Infinuat facrum interius per corda pavorem.
 Nec mora; fe erumpit multo fulgore corufcans
 Clara Dies; ultro conceptis ignibus ardent
 Robora, & involvunt fubitis altaria flammis.
 Dives, opimus odor (qualem neque balfama fpirant
 Thuriferis *Arabum* terris, neque blanda *Sabææ*
 Labra rofæ) latè diffunditur aera circum;
 Irriguumque folum cœlefti rore madefcit.
 Quin melos ætherium (quod fruſtra æquare canendo
Jefſides certet, *Miriæ* vel tympana) miris
 Pertentat numeris trepidantes fuaviter aures,
 Et ferit attonitos nimîa dulcedine ſenſus.
 En! oculos quæ Forma rapit? Quæ tanta repente
 Lux animam invadit? cœlo delapſus aperto .

En

Let Me, howe'er unable to explain
 The secret Lab'rynths of Thy Ways to Man,
 With humble Zeal confess Thy awful Pow'r;
 Still weeping Hope, and won'dring still Adore.
 So in my Conquest be Thy Might declar'd:
 And, for Thy Justice, be Thy Name rever'd.

My Pray'r scarce ended, a stupendous Gloom
 Darkens the Air; loud Thunder shakes the Dome:
 To the beginning Miracle succeed
 An awful Silence, and religious Dread.
 Sudden breaks forth a more than common Day:
 The sacred Wood, which on the Altar lay,
 Untouch'd, unlighted glows ---
Ambrosial Odor, such as never flows
 From ARAB'S Gum, or the SABÆAN Rose,
 Does round the Air evolving Scents diffuse:
 The holy Ground is wet with Heav'nly Dews:
 Celestial Music (such JESSIDES' Lyre,
 Such MIRIAM'S Timbrel would in vain require)
 Strikes to my Thought thro' my admiring Ear,
 With Ecstasy too fine, and Pleasure hard to bear:
 And lo! what sees my ravish'd Eye? what feels
 My wond'ring Soul? an opening Cloud reveals

En! facer ardenti radiorum indutus amictu
Nuntius accedit; roseoque hæc ore profatur:

Define, Mortalis, jam tandem define finem
Quærere curarum, spatiumque optare dolori.
Spes age pone leves, ventisque remitte: rebelles
Quin potius reprime Affectus, mentemque paratam
Erige; nec vanæ vexent tibi pectora curæ
Obdurata malis, longoque affueta dolori.
Membra gravi fractus senio assiduoque labore,
Pronus in occasum verges trepidantibus annis:
Et moriens varios (legatum heu triste!) tumultus,
Sollicito generi, litesque & bella relinques
Aspera, ad extremos olim mittenda nepotes.
Quisque suos luctus misero patrimonia nato
Debita concedet Pater, infelicior hæres
Quæ capiet cumulata, & adhuc cumulanda relinquet.

Offa simul tumulo dederis tua; Spes tibi sola
Quæ superest, Natus, jam vix diademate cinctus
Judeo, imperii stimulante libidine sacrâ
(Heu quam prona animos dominantum inflare libido!)
Sancta Patris spernet monita, & præstantius armis
Præsidium, populi demens contemnet amorem,
Suaden-

An Heav'nly Form embody'd, and array'd
With Robes of Light. I heard: the Angel said:

Cease, Man of Woman born, to hope Relief
From daily Trouble, and continu'd Grief.
Thy Hope of Joy deliver to the Wind:
Suppress thy Passions; and prepare thy Mind.
Free and familiar with Misfortune grow:
Be us'd to Sorrow, and inur'd to Woe.
By weak'ning Toil, and hoary Age o'ercome,
See thy Decrease; and hasten to thy Tomb.
Leave to thy Children Tumult, Strife, and War,
Portions of Toil, and Legacies of Care.
Send the Successive Ills thro' Ages down;
And let each weeping Father tell his Son,
That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the Sorrows He receiv'd.

The Child to whose Success thy Hope is bound;
E'er thou art scarce Interr'd, or he is Crown'd;
To Lust of Arbitrary Sway inclin'd
(That curst Poyson to the Prince's Mind!)
Shall from thy Dictates and his Duty rove,
And lose his great Defence, his People's Love.

Suadente heu ! Juvenum turbâ : mox victus atroci
 Terga dabit genti, nomenque insigne *Jacobi*
 Deteret ; imperium opprobrio turpabit iniquo,
 Et nubem famæ patrioque obducet honori.
 Quin ferta indecori penitus delapsa videbit
 Vertice, quæ magno meruit sudore recepta
 Acer Avus, multoque ardens è pulvere duxit.
 Civiles nec Marte potens sedare tumultus,
 Nec prece, victores pariter victosque pavebit,
 Utrunque attonitus ; solos neque degener hostes
 Horrescet ; *Judæ* simul arma incertâ timebit :
 Occumbens tandem fato languentia sternet
 Corpora *Jordani* ad fluctus, lugubre tumentes
 Cognatorum armis, & fratrum sanguine rubros.

Annorum hinc lentè procedet flebilis Ordo,
 Diris horrentum tenebris luctuque nigrantum
 Perpetuo ; lacrymosa onerabunt tempora longæ
 Bellorum series & multa doloris Imago.
 Quinetiam in geminas diviso flumine partes
 Diffluet Imperium : laxos age funde dolori
 Toto corde sinus ; sævis Gens barbara ludet
 Opprobriis ; dejecta gravi *Judæa* pudore
 Victa jacebit humi, solis spectanda ruinis.

Altera

Ill Counsell'd, Vanquish'd, Fugitive, Disgrac'd,
 Shall mourn the Fame of JACOB'S Strength effac'd;
 Shall sigh the King diminish'd, and the Crown
 With less'n'd Rays descending to his Son.
 Shall see the Wreaths, His Granfire knew to reap
 By active Toil, and Military Sweat,
 Pining incline their sickly Leaves, and shed
 Their falling Honors from His giddy Head.
 By Arms, or Pray'r unable to assuage
 Domestic Horror, and intestine Rage,
 Shall from the Victor, and the Vanquish'd fear,
 From ISRAEL'S Arrow, and from JUDAH'S Spear:
 Shall cast his weary'd Limbs on JORDAN'S Floud,
 By Brother's Arms disturb'd, and stain'd with Kindred-
 [Blood.

Hence lab'ring Years shall weep their destin'd Race
 Charg'd with ill Omens, fully'd with Disgrace:
 Time by Necessity compell'd shall go
 Thro' Scenes of War, and Epocha's of Woe.
 The Empire less'n'd in a parted Stream,
 Shall lose its Course ---
 Indulge thy Tears: the Heathen shall blaspheme:
 JUDAH shall fall, oppress'd by Grief and Shame;
 And Men shall from her Ruins know her Fame.

New

Altera adhuc superest visenda *Aegyptia* Tellus,
 Altera vinc'la manent; uret graviore flagello
 Asperior Dominus: passura atrocius olim
 Mæsta jugum soboles patriis decedet ab oris,
 Opprobrioque gemens majore, *Euphratis* ad undam
Niliacos iterum renovabit perdita luctus.

Sublimes templorum apices, qui cuspide tangunt
 Sydera, venturi confusâ clade Nepotes
 Disiectos latè aspicient; mæstique stupebunt
 Immane excidium & vastæ vestigia molis.
 Illa etiam Imperii venerabilis altaquæ Sedes,
 Quâ vos fuluros sera usque ad sæcula natos
 Creditis, hinc longè hostiles ducetur in oras,
 Victorisque superbi ornabit capta triumphos.
 Quin sacras dextra effrænis populabitur aras,
 Et vasa ipsa DEO templisque dicata Tyrannus
 Efferus indecori violabit squallida vino;
 Sacrilegosque sales inter lususque profanos
 Exultans, vetito se proluet impius auro.

Sæc'la quaterdena affiduo revolubile cursu
 Tempus aget; varias fato versante subibunt
 Regna vices; alios dum Gens infausta dolores

Volvet

New ÆGYPTS yet, and second Bonds remain,
 A harsher PHARAOH, and a heavier Chain:
 Again obedient to a dire Command,
 Thy Captive Sons shall leave the promis'd Land:
 Their Name more low, their Servitude more vile,
 Shall, on EUPHRATES' Bank, renew the Grief of NILE.

These pointed Spires that wound the ambient Sky,
 Inglorious Change! shall in Destruction lye
 Low, levell'd with the Dust; their Heights unknown,
 Or measur'd by their Ruin. Yonder Throne,
 For lasting Glory built, design'd the Seat
 Of Kings for ever blest, for ever great,
 Remov'd by the Invader's barb'rous Hand,
 Shall grace his Triumph in a foreign Land.
 The Tyrant shall demand yon' sacred Load
 Of Gold and Vessels set a-part to GOD;
 Then by vile Hands to common Use debas'd,
 Shall send them flowing round his drunken Feast,
 With sacrilegious Taunt, and impious Jest. }

Twice fourteen Ages shall their Way complete:
 Empires by various Turns shall rise and set;
 While Thy abandon'd Tribes shall only know

K

A

Volvet adhuc, aliasque geret lacerata catenas;
 Demissisque oculis & mæsto languida vultu
 Lapſa gemet recolens, & adhuc vëntura timebit.

Hostili *Judea* solo, *Babylonis* ad undas,
 Languescens luctu, lacrymisque immersa sedebit;
 Pleſtraque vicinis pendebunt muta salictis.
 Nec jam molle melos tentabit lingua; choreas
 Nec poterunt agiles membra exercere, labori
 Membra diu affueta, & tacitæ studiosa quietis.
 Lucenti undarum in speculo nimiumque fideſi
 Sponsa repercuſſos formidans squallida vultus
 Horrefcet: conjux languentis in ore maritæ
 Proſpiciet fobolis maciem luctusque futuræ;
 Asperaque, amplexus vexantia, vincula queretur.
 Lugebunt neglecta diu solennia Sacra
 Turba Sacerdotum, percussi tristia palmis
 Pectora; festorumque oblivia longa dierum
 Plorantes, solvent lugubribus ora querelis.
 Quin lacrymas, gemino quasi fonte, effundere posse
 Solliciti optabunt Vates, fletusque ciere
 Perpetuos; noctis super alta silentia fauces
 Horrescent barathrorum atras dirasque procellas;
 Et subito excussis flammarum turbine somnis,

Atto-

A diff'rent Master, and a Change of Woe:
 With down-cast Eye-lids, and with Looks a-gaist,
 Shall dread the Future, or bewail the Past.

Afflicted ISRAEL shall sit weeping down
 Fast by the Streams, where BABEL's Waters run;
 Their Harps upon the neighb'ring Willows hung,
 Nor joyous Hymn encouraging their Tongue,
 Nor chearful Dance their Feet; with Toil oppress'd,
 Their weary'd Limbs aspiring but to Rest.
 In the reflective Stream the sighing Bride,
 Viewing her Charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide
 Her penfive Head; and in her languid Face
 The Bridegroom shall fore-see his sickly Race:
 While pond'rous Fetters vex their close Embrace. }
 With irksome Anguish then your Priests shall mourn
 Their long-neglected Feasts despair'd Return,
 And sad Oblivion of their solemn Days:
 Thenceforth their Voices They shall only raise,
 Louder to weep. By Day your frightened Seers
 Shall call for Fountains to express their Tears;
 And with their Eyes were Flouds: by Night from
 Dreams
 Of opening Gulphs, black Storms, and raging Flames,

Attoniti referent trepidanti mane popello
 Myſtica ſigna dolorum, & atroces Numinis iras.

Interea miſeranda Cohors, poſcente Tyranno
 Feſtivos citharæ numeros & amabile carmen,
 Uſque adeo (referent) proles captiva *Jacobi*
 Gaudebit? dudum filuerunt pendula pleſtra,
 Ora melos filuere oblita! Ut carmina Regi
 Hoſtili, patriâque procul tellure, canemus?
 Noſne jugo oppreſſos graviori, flagra timentes
 Aſpera; & ad nutum ſævi trepidare magiſtri
 Affuetos, humilesque trementia fleſtere genua;
 Nos, fordes hominum, noſne efferet alma voluptas;
 Languenteſve animos dulcis tentabit Imago?
 Heu longæ tandem poſt tædia tarda diei
 Cum nox lenta venit; votorum hoc ſumma, labores
 Exuere ingratos paulùm, feſſiſque ſoporem
 Indulgere brevem trepida inter ſomnia membris,
 Donec atrox redeat redeunti ſole Tyrannus.
 Luſtibus affueti meditemur gaudia? luſtus
 Perpetuos renovare jubet Natura; videtur
 Hoc nobis Rationis opus. Nonne improba primùm
 Stultitiæ vano manavit fonte Voluptas?

Certè

Starting amaz'd, shall to the People show
Emblems of Heav'nly Wrath, and Mystic Types of Woe.

The Captives, as their Tyrant shall require,
That They should breath the Song, and touch the Lyre,
Shall say: can JACOB'S servile Race rejoice,
Untun'd the Music, and disus'd the Voice?
What can We play (They shall discourse) how sing
In foreign Lands, and to a Barb'rous King?
We and our Fathers from our Childhood bred
To watch the cruel Victor's Eye, to dread
The arbitrary Lash, to bend, to grieve,
(Out-cast of Mortal Race!) can We conceive
Image of ought delightful, soft, or gay?
Alas! when We have toyl'd the longsome Day;
The fullest Bliss our Hearts aspire to know,
Is but some Interval from active Woe;
In broken Rest, and startling Sleep to mourn,
'Till Morn, the Tyrant, and the Scourge return.
Bred up in Grief, can Pleasure be our Theme?
Our endless Anguish does not Nature claim?
Reason, and Sorrow are to Us the Same.
Alas! with wild Amazement We require,
If Idle Folly was not Pleasure's Sire:

Mad.

Certè immaturo præceps Infania partu
Protulit effrænesque jocos rifusque profanos.

Hæc Series curarum, hic fati flebilis Ordo
Teque Tuosque manet; titulis Insignis, & idem,
O *Solomon*, Miser ante alios! quin parce querelis,
Nec leges metire Dei Rationis oculo;
Ah distat nimium nimiumque effulget Imago!
Ille nihil finet intactum, nil linquet inaufum,
Fatorum qui cæca resolvere jura laborat.
Mitte adeo scrutari, animum compesce superbum!
Nempe DEO Pulvis Rationem opponet ineptam!
Sublimi DEUS arbitrio regit omnia; vestrum est
Cuncta pati, vitæque datos evolvere cursus.
Crede nefas, quodcunque DEI inviolable tendit
Imperium contra; Virtuti Ea consona sola,
Quæ magni arbitrio respondent æqua J E H O V A E.

Ne tamen immodico vincantur pondereensus,
Neu penitus spes fracta cadat; solatia luctûs
Accipe, quæ spondet vobis, Qui fallere nescit,
Nec falli potis est --- Veniet labentibus annis
Grata Dies, cum Terra malis *Judæa* fugatis
Lætior, hostiles solvet secura catenas:

Attol-

Madness, We fancy, gave an Ill-tim'd Birth
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.

This is the Series of perpetual Woe,
Which Thou, alas! and Thine are born to know,
Illustrious Wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not, what Heav'n ordains, with Reason's Eye;
Too bright the Object is: the Distance is too high.
The Man who would resolve the Work of Fate,
May limit Number, and make Crooked Strait:
Stop Thy Enquiry then; and curb Thy Sense;
Nor let Dust argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis GOD who must dispose, and Man sustain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy Sum of Life must His Decrees fulfill;
What derogates from His Command, is Ill;
And that alone is Good, which centers in His Will.

Yet that thy Lab'ring Senses may not droop,
Lost to Delight, and destitute of Hope;
Remark what I, GOD's Messenger, aver
From Him, who neither can deceive, nor err.
The Land at length redeem'd; shall cease to mourn;
Shall from her sad Captivity return:

SION

Attollens capita alta indigno è pulvere *Sion*
 Audiet antiquas veneranda per atria leges:
 Tempia iterum aeriâ ferientia cuspide nubes
 Fulgebunt splendore novo; Sedesque verendi
 Promissa Imperii montes super ardua furget
 Vertice sublimi, & latis dominabitur arvis.
 Quin Tibi præclarâ de stirpe orietur, amicum
 Auxilium terris cælo laturus ab alto,
 Victorum insignis *Victor*, Regumque potens *Rex*.
 ILLE Hominum curas emolliet: ILLE dolores
 Affectusque animi effrænes moderabitur: ILLO
 Auspice ridebit Pax alma, & flumine pleno
 Gaudia manabunt lætum diffusa per orbem.
 Hoc Tibi scire fatis: Superis nec panditur ultrâ.

Quin age jam *Solomon*, reliquæ ad stadia ultima vitæ
 Perge memor vestri, patrii neque degener hæres
 Nominis; i constans, firma erige pectora, fortis,
 Strenuus; Affectus cohibe, Virtutibus omnes
 Pande sinus, Tibi Cenfor atrox, aliisque benignus;
 Supra alios tantum evectus pietatis honore,
 Quantum opibus titulisque nites. En arripe tecum
 Hoc breve præceptum, & memori sub pectore serva:
 Te Justum atq; Humilem præsta. -- Quæ deinde locutus

Nun-

SION shall raise her long-dejected Head;
 And in her Courts the Law again be read.
 Again the glorious Temple shall arise,
 And with new Lustre pierce the neighb'ring Skies.
 The promis'd Seat of Empire shall again
 Cover the Mountain, and command the Plain;
 And from Thy Race distinguish'd, ONE shall spring,
 Greater in Act than Victor, more than King
 In Dignity and Pow'r, sent down from Heav'n,
 To succour Earth. To HIM, to HIM 'tis giv'n,
 Passion, and Care, and Anguish to destroy.
 Thro' HIM soft Peace, and Plenitude of Joy
 Perpetual o'er the World redeem'd shall flow.
 No more may Man inquire, nor Angel know.

Now, SOLOMON, rememb'ring Who thou art,
 Act thro' thy remnant Life the decent Part.
 Go forth: Be strong: With Patience, and with Care
 Perform, and Suffer: To Thy self severe,
 Gracious to Others, Thy Desires suppress'd,
 Diffus'd Thy Virtues, First of Men, be Best.
 Thy Sum of Duty let Two Words contain;
 O may they graven in thy Heart remain!
 Be Humble, and be Just. The Angel said:

L

With

Nuntius, in cœlum reduci se sustulit alâ.
 Pronus Ego in terrâ, variisq; impulsibus actus,
 Huc illuc varias volvens sub pectore curas
 Sollicitus, tandem mæstos ad sydera vultus
 Tollebam supplex, humilique hæc voce precabar :

O Rex Omnipotens, Pater optime, Confilii Fons!
 O solus Qui cuncta creas, nutuque creata
 Dirigis, ardenti lucis quâ cinctus amictu
 Arce sedes rutilâ; Cujus sacra ora tueri
 Non Homini datur! O Terris Cœloque supreme!
 Tu Mihi, quodcunq; est Nostri, Tu vitam animamque
 Concilias: Tu flecte manu quacunq; potenti
 Vestrum Opus! O monitus tandem meliora, fidelis
 Permaneam, magnique sequar mandata Parentis!

With upward Speed His agil Wings He spread;
 Whilst on the holy Ground I prostrate lay,
 By various Doubts impell'd, or to obey,
 Or to object: at length (my mournful Look
 Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke:

Supreme, Allwise, Eternal Potentate!
 Sole Author, Sole Disposer of our Fate!
 Enthron'd in Light, and Immortality,
 Whom no Man fully sees, and none can see!
 Original of Beings! Pow'r Divine!
 Since that I Live, and that I Think, is Thine;
 Benign Creator, let Thy plastic Hand
 Dispose it's own Effect. Let Thy Command
 Restore, Great Father, Thy Instructed Son;
 And in My Act may THY great WILL BE DONE.
